

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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Vol. 59.—No. 3.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1881.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—St James's Hall, at Eight o'clock. Artists:—Miss Mary Davies and Miss Clara Samuel, Mdme Antoinette Sterling and Mdme Patey; Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Joseph Maas, Mr Santley and Mr Maybrick. The South London Choral Association of 60 voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

ST JAMES'S HALL.—GATHERING OF THE CLANS. BURNS' BIRTHDAY COMMEMORATION CONCERT. TUESDAY, JAN. 25th, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Miss Agnes Rosa, Miss Thorndike, Mdme Patey, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr P. Boyle, Mr Herbert Reeves, Mr Walter Clifford. Mr Sims Reeves will sing in HOWARD GLOVER'S "TAM O' SHANTER," being the Last Time he will sing in this celebrated Cantata. A Select Choir of One Hundred Voices. Harmonium—Mr J. Turle Lee. Pianoforte—Mr H. Parker. Conductors—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR, Mr H. PARKER, and Mr F. A. BRIDGE. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony and Front Area, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Austin's Office, St James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly; and usual Agents.

STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square.—Miss MARION WARDROPER (of the National Training School for Music) has the honour to announce that her FIRST EVENING CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY, Jan. 27, commencing at Eight o'clock. The following Artists have kindly consented to appear: Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Josephine Cravino, Mr Frank Boyle, Mr John Bridson; Flute—Mr John Radcliffe (Royal Italian Opera); Pianoforte—Mr Henry Baumer; Violoncello—Mr Theodor Liebe. Conductor—Herr CARL WEBER and Mr HAROLD STIDOLPH. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s. and 2s. 6d.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., New Bond Street; Hutchings & Romer, Conduit Street.

MISS JOSEPHINE AGABEG begs to announce her EVENING CONCERT, at the STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, on MONDAY Next, January 17th, at Eight o'clock. Artists:—Mdmes Edith Wynne, Marian Williams, Cecelia Fuller, Messrs James Sauvage and Quatremaigne; Pianoforte—Miss Josephine Agabeg and Mr Wilhelm Ganz; Violin—Mdme Broussil; Violoncello—M. Libotton. Conductors—Messrs GANZ and LEHMEYER. Tickets—Reserved Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 2s. 6d.; to be obtained of Miss JOSEPHINE AGABEG, 65, Shirland Gardens, Maida Vale, and at the Hall.

MR CARRODUS will give a PERFORMANCE on the VIOLIN, at St JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY Evening, Jan. 20th. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 1s., of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; A. Hays, Old Bond Street, and Royal Exchange Buildings; Keith, Prowse & Co., Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

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PROSPECTUS.

The Falstaff Club is intended for the association of gentlemen of artistic tastes, and others interested in the Drama, Music, Literature, Art, and Science. The Club is non-political, and is designed to afford a means of social, intellectual, and recreative intercourse and amusement amongst its Members. Conducted upon similar principles as the "Mirlitons" in Paris, the Falstaff will enter into friendly rivalry with that admirable and well-known Club.

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Smoking Concerts will be established, of which Mr Ganz has consented to take the direction. Musical Soirées, Concerts, Conversations, and Dramatic Performances will from time to time be arranged by the Members, and Special Performances will be given at intervals by professional artists.

An Amateur Orchestra will be constituted from amongst the members of the Club, the formation of which has been undertaken by Mr J. Radcliff, of the Royal Italian Opera.

The Admission of Guests to any of the Club Entertainments will be by Ticket of Invitation only, issued by the Committee.

The Club House will be entirely re-decorated and re-furnished, and it is anticipated that it will be ready for occupation early in February.

Telegraphic and Telephonic Communication will be provided with the leading Theatres.

The Club being proprietary, Members will be relieved of all responsibility beyond their Subscriptions.

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"THE CHILD MARTYR," new Poem, written expressly for Miss LOUISA BALL, by EDWARD OXFORD, Esq., will be recited by her at St Andrew's Hall, on January 12th, 1881, for the benefit of the Post Office Orphan Home Concert.—Copies may be had of Mr S. HAYES, 199, Regent Street, W., price Threepence.

NEW VOCAL DUET.

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"THE MESSAGE."

MR VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL's admired Song, "THE MESSAGE," at Wolverhampton, Jan. 22nd; and Swansea, Jan. 27th.

"KILLARNEY."

M^{me} ALICE BARTH will sing BALFE's admired Song, "KILLARNEY," at the Town Hall, Shoreditch, Jan. 24th.

"THE PRISONER'S LAST SONG."

MISS GRIFFITHS will sing Mr GOLDBERG's "PRISONER'S LAST SONG" (words by CHEDWICK TICHBORNE, before his execution, A.D. 1586), at Miss L. Thompson's Evening Concert, Grosvenor Hall, Belgrave, February 3rd.

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THE Undersigned, in order to increase the number of good Compositions for the VIOLONCELLO, desire to arrange a "COMPETITION," for which Six Prizes will be awarded, viz.:

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For particulars apply to the Honorary Secretary, Mr JULIUS SCHULTZ, No. 8, Harvesthakenweg, Hamburg.

Professor Niels W. Gade, Capellmeister Carl Reinecke, and Professor Julius von Bernuth have kindly consented to act as Judges.

By Order of the Committee.

Hamburg, December, 1880.

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(To be continued.)

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WHAT IS A "CORRECT MUSICAL TASTE?"

By G. A. MACFARREN.

(From the "Girl's Own Paper.")

The prescribed subject of these remarks is boundless almost as the difficulty of its treatment. However much may be said, even if said to the purpose, there must still be left very much to say upon this comprehensive theme; so what is here offered is a selection, rather than a summary, of points claiming observation.

Taste is the power to perceive the beautiful, and therewith the endeavour to approach it. Beauty has many aspects, and is not confined to the works of any age, or style, or school. The ability to comprehend it grows with experience, and its expanse seems for ever to widen with the increase of this ability. The far greater beauty that is obvious to advanced knowledge, overpowers with its light the paler beams which were our sole illumination before the sunrise. In the night of our life of study we see the brightness of many a star which is no less a star when its radiance is paled by the dawn, nor even when the light of our understanding reaches its noon; and, when the gorgeous hues of sunset show this light in its fullest glory, those tiny stars begin to re-appear which some while were lost to the dazzled sight, and the delights of youth, maturity, and age are displayed at once to the highly-trained observer.

The unjust use of the word "classical," makes the word a scare-crow to many a music lover. Whether a crow or a linnet, he may be frightened by it from fields of beauty where blossoms flourish whose scent and colour may enrich him who perceives them, while their perception impoverishes not the flowers. The work of art whose merit is so high that it stands above the level of its age, and is perceived in aftertime more clearly than when it first broke into being, are naturally classed together, as things apart from those which please for a moment and die in the very act of pleasing. The qualities that elevate this aristocracy of merit, are more or less common to them all, are distinguishable by careful scrutiny, and may be, to a great extent, defined. Like the magnitude of a mountain, or the proportions of a building, the accumulation of these qualities is imperceptible when we stand under their immediate shadow; and, like the growths upon the hillside or the details of the architecture, these qualities need to be inspected through the telescope of enlarged education if we contemplate the work as a whole, or discerned through minuter examination as we climb from gallery to gallery of the edifice, or from ridge to ridge of the mountain. The long practised observer may recognize these qualities when so close to the foot of the structure that one who had not this habit and was placed on the same spot could not detect them; nay, he may calculate from the foreshortening of the mass, and from the shadow it casts, what is the outline which will be apparent to all beholders when a sufficient interval of space or time enables them to look upon the whole. Because that which is imperceptible at less than the needful distance and without a mental telescope is unintelligible to the untutored sense, we are apt to suppose that it is essential to the class of works which is beyond instant appreciation, to be unintelligible, and to suppose, by false induction, that whatever is unintelligible must in consequence be classical.

Most proverbial sayings are true, but one must be excepted, which tells that "familiarity breeds contempt." The more we grow familiar with what is beautiful the more we awaken to its beauty, in the presence of which we are at first dormant, and the adage would be only faithful if it said "intimacy is the parent of love and reverence." For persons, these feelings can alone be entertained, with whom we are so intimate that all their qualities, all their points of character—be they good or evil—are familiar to us; and such is as entirely the case with works of art. It is not because what is beautiful may for a while be unintelligible, that what is unintelligible is to be trusted for beauty, and we should widely misprize the class of works whose excellence is exceptional if we regarded as classical all in which excellence could not be perceived. Time is the true test of qualities that entitle a work to be ranked as classical. They are awhile veiled by the mist of our ignorance, and become manifest when this is exhaled.

A safe standard for taste is the fitness of a work to the occasion or purpose for which it is designed. It would be in as bad taste to employ some scholastic devices in the composition of dance music as to appropriate the strong accentuation and square rhythm of a polka to the structure of a fugue, yet either of these pieces may have ample merit and be open to admiration if framed upon the principles and compounded of the elements proper to its kind. Every art-form may be the embodiment of beauty, and the artist shows true taste who appropriates to the form in which his work has to be cast the current of thought that is in unity with its character. There are right occasions for the lightest music, right occasions for the gravest; good taste is evinced in the choice of works that

are true to the occasion, and the producer, the selector, and the listener should in this respect all exercise their tasteful function. Music suited to the ball-room is ineligible for an assembly where there is no such distraction as dancing for the hearer's interest from the music itself. A still more earnest style of composition befits an opportunity when even social courtesies divide not our attention with the works performed. When in our best exalted condition we seek in music the expression of our strongest feelings, and strive to sympathise with the artist whose aim is such expression, then, the utmost greatness of thought and the utmost skill in its development are apt to the circumstances and needed for their fulfilment.

Nothing can be in worse taste than the adaptation, so called, of music to another purpose than that for which it was conceived—adaptation, indeed! is not perversion or desecration a better term to denote the violating of an artist's idea, whose highest worth is its truthfulness to the subject it pretends to illustrate, the violating by applying it to other uses and other ends—the sacrificing of the pure virginity of his thought by a false marriage? Instances of such bad taste, that cannot be too strongly condemned, are in the application of pieces from operas, from instrumental compositions, and, in some cases, from oratorios, to Church use. Volumes might be said on the impropriety of such misapplication, but this one point is so obvious as to need no more than casual mention for it to command universal assent—namely, that wherever we hear a strain of music it is fraught with all the surroundings under which it has been elsewhere heard, and, whatever the present place, the hearer's associations, and his feelings, too, will be with his prior experience. None of us, for example, who knows Handel's song, "Dove sei amato bene," from the opera *Rodelinda*, can, if he hear it with the misapplied text, "Holy, holy," restrain his thoughts from wandering to the well-beloved one whose absence the original words deplore; none can hear the prayer from *Der Freischütz*, or the nuptial hymn from *Masaniello*, sung in Church Service, and not see in his mind's eye the kneeling Agathe, who prays for the success of her marksman lover, or the dumb girl, who peers in agony through the openings in the happy throng, to watch her betrayer giving his forfeited plight to his bride. None can hear a strain—most likely mutilated—from a sonata by Beethoven, or a song without words by Mendelssohn, and not recall the personal and local incidents that have attended former hearings, and therewith the sympathies that invested them once and will cling to them for ever; and, further, none can hear the music of Elijah's supplication for rain sung to the prayer for inclination to keep the Ten Commandments, and not image to himself the multitude of thirsting Hebrews, whose false prophets have failed to obtain the withdrawal of the curse, looking with anxious amazement on the prostrate figure whose deprecation is to effect their deliverance.*

(To be continued.)

THE first piece of music ever published by the celebrated firm of Ricordi was a composition of Sig. Antonio Nava's for the guitar, at that time, 1808, a very fashionable instrument. It was called *Le quattro Stagioni*.

PARIS (Correspondence).—The performance at the Grand Opera organised for the benefit of the Association of Dramatic Artists by M. Halanzier (M. Vaucorbeil's precursor as director), was a brilliant success, realising no less than 33,000 francs for the Fund. The prominent feature of a highly varied and in every way attractive programme was the appearance once more in public, for this special occasion, of Mme Marietta Alboni, one of the greatest and most accomplished artists that ever graced the lyric boards. How cordially the "Queen of Contraltos" was welcomed by the densely thronged house need hardly be recorded. At the conclusion of her first air, from Vacca's *Romeo et Juliette*, the audience were already under the spell of a voice and style that in their way have never been surpassed, and, after another air, from Mercadante's *Donna Caritea*, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. In fact, the voice and singing were as perfect as when, more than thirty years ago, after her memorable success at the opening of our Royal Italian Opera (April 6th, 1847), Albani made her first appearance at the Théâtre Ventadour, playing (as at Covent Garden), Arsace to Grisi's Semiramide, in Rossini's gorgeous Oriental opera—the last he ever wrote for Italy. Such preservation of voice and vocal facility, rare nowadays, is not merely the result of exceptional natural gifts, but also of early strict training in the only legitimate school.—*Graphic*.

* These specimens are not supposititious, but quoted from real life!

IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE.

HALF AN HOUR WITH COLONEL MAPLESON.

(From Dexter Smith's Boston "Musical Record.")

When crowds are flocking into the Academy of Music on an opera night, filling box after box, and tier after tier in the balcony, and swarming at times far out into the lobby, intent only on being comfortable, and prepared to complain bitterly if affairs do not go smoothly, they little imagine the trouble the manager has passed through day after day in order that the audience may be amused, and the performance reveal as little as possible of the friction inseparable. To look at the manager in his box, in faultless evening dress, with bright *boutonniers* on the lapel of his coat, and a calm smile on his ruddy face, no one would suppose his temper was ruffled, or that he ever did anything but order that *Aida* or *Mefistofele* should be produced, and leave Arditi and Zarini, the singers and the band to execute his orders, confident in their skill and experience. Opera-goers who entertain such ideas are mistaken, and would be convinced of it, if acquaintance justified them in attempting to gain access to the manager's private office, and invent an excuse for remaining half an hour with that exceedingly busy personage.

It is no easy matter to reach the presence of the manager of Her Majesty's Opera during business hours. The boys outside and the people in the box-office, when inquiry is made generally, "don't know" where the manager is to be found. If the applicant is known, and it is suspected that he comes for something besides passes, he is permitted to go into the lobby, and requested to wait until Mr Mapleson is disengaged. He may wait an hour, and then retire without seeing the manager, who may have to go upon the stage, or down town to his bankers on urgent business. If the manager is disengaged, the fortunate caller may rap at a door in the remote corner of a very dark lobby. In answer to his knock a panel is shot open, a ray of light falls upon his face, and a voice—that of the manager's secretary—will ask, "Well, what is it?" The caller can pass in his card, the panel will be shut, and, if all is well, the door cautiously opened, and the visitor find himself in an ante-room, at one end of which Mr Charles Mapleson, the treasurer, is busy with a mass of correspondence. A glazed petition at the visitor's left hand forms another barrier, behind which the manager is hidden. All around, on floor and tables, are scattered prospectuses, marked newspapers, bills of the opera, and portraits of some of the artists. "Knock at the door in the corner," says Charles Mapleson. "Come in," shouts the manager, who receives you with a grip of the hand, and a request to sit down and excuse him if he goes right on. And he goes right on, while you look about and note a great file of bills of the London opera, giving prospectuses for three or four successive weeks, containing announcements of the performance of *Maritana*, *Maria di Gand*, and *Fra Diavolo* that would please New York opera-goers if they could thus see them promised here.

The manager swings about on his chair, turning from a stack of letters just opened. "Glad to see you. Coming to-night? You'd better." A rap at the door interrupts. "Come in," shouts the Colonel. "That'll be a great cast of *Marta*. Only think—Campanini, Gerster, and Cary! Now, what the mischief's this?" and a dark scowl gathers over his eyes. "Drat the woman, what in the name of conscience is she ill to-day for? I say, Tinkham, hurry up." The secretary appears. "Go right away and tell Mdle Belocca she'll have to sing to-night; Cary's ill. Charles, write a notice to put up in front of the house. And, Tinkham—now, where's Tinkham? Nobody's ever here when I want him. Oh, here you are. Go right off for the costumier. Hurry up, don't stand there staring at me."

Everybody is immediately rushing about. The manager produces with pride a letter from London, bearing at the top the crest of the Tower Hamlets Rifle Brigade, and under, in large letters, "*Colonel J. H. Mapleson*." The Adjutant, enclosing a batch of reports, regrets that the Commander cannot be present at the annual ball about to take place. The Colonel enters upon a description of the regiment, when conversation is heard outside. Mr Charles Mapleson announces Arditi. "Come in, Luigi." The mercurial conductor appears and enters into an animated conversation in Italian with the manager. "Ravelli wants to come in," shouts Charles Mapleson. "He can't come in; tell him to wait." Arditi withdraws, and a tap is heard. At the Colonel's right hand is a string which runs to a bolt holding the door. He pulls it: the door opens, and two women came timidly in. "Ah! just the person I want to see. Get Miss Cary's costumes ready for Mdle Belocca. Hurry up! They must be ready at six o'clock." The women hesitate and look at each other. "Now, what is it? Speak out and don't be long about it," says the Colonel.

"Mdme Gerster would like a new costume for the *Puritani*," suggests the costumier.

"Preposterous! The costumes are good enough. Nothing but new costumes! They think I'm made of money. Away, and get those dresses ready for Mdle Belocca." The women hurry away. The visitor is forgotten for a moment, while the manager dives into a new pile of letters just arrived.

"Ah! here they are," says the Colonel, as he rips one after the other open, tossing them aside. "Orders, &c.! Astonishing how many people are willing to go to the opera for nothing. 'Please send me two good seats.' Oh, certainly. Now listen to this rascal. He has a bill-board in front of his shop. I've sent him a seat regularly every week, yet he declares he has never had one, and that he'll burn my board if I don't send him seats immediately. He shall have a box—eh? How's that?"

"I say, Tinkham! just write me a fair copy of that letter to Gerry—another persecutor—and I suppose I'll have him at my heels all the season." Tinkham hands in two slips of paper. The manager looks at them and then hands them over. "See there—look at that item. Here's the property-man asking for four pounds of red fire to smoke my audience out in *Mefistofele*. It's plain he don't read the papers, which have been abusing me for attempting to choke them to death. He can't have four pounds. I'll cut him down to one, in obedience to the press." Running over the list, checking off orders for paint and lumber, and "repairs for two doves" to be used in *Lohengrin*, he sends Tinkham off in hot haste to deliver the orders.

"Charles, where are those bills? Seems to me you people outside are determined to keep me all day." Another rush, and meantime, there is a rap, and Campanini is admitted. He complains that he is cast for too many operas in one week, and while he and the manager are storming away in Italian Gardini pops in, and Ravelli again applies for admission. This throws the manager into excitement bordering on distraction; but he soon drives them out, telling Ravelli that he must buy tickets for a performance he wants to attend, the house being completely sold out. Then he calls for "the bills," and Mr Croft, house-agent, comes in with a roll which he spreads out on the littered desk. With a quick glance and a despairing toss of the hands, the manager declares: "These printers will ruin me some time. Here, don't you see, Mr Croft, they've popped a woman in to sing a man's part; and here they've put Novara down to sing something that Del Puente has been rehearsing for a month! Now, hurry up; have that corrected, and don't let those bills be printed."

The Colonel heaves a sigh and rests in his arm-chair, his face lighted up with a smile. He evidently enjoys being a tyrant and watching everybody rushing about to do as he directs. He chats as calmly and cheerfully as possible about the telephone, and draws a funny picture of the revolution it is to accomplish. "One day I shall give opera in a little room like this, with thousands of wires laid out all over the city. No rent to pay, no trouble about costumes. Then the people up in Harlem and over in Brooklyn can turn their supply of opera on just as they would the gas, and pay for it by the foot. Good scheme, eh? Sit at your ease, smoke a cigar, take in an act of *Mefistofele*, and go to sleep when it becomes tiresome. Now, what's that?"

A loud controversy in the hall and outer room. Trouble has arisen about some of the scenery and effects of *Lohengrin*. No one but Mapleson can settle it. Scene painters, stage-manager, and property-man, have come to consult the head. The manager goes plunging through his letters, stops to look at yesterday's account, writes his name to half a dozen checks, hands them to his son, and then, with a glance at his watch, and hasty excuses for being obliged to leave, strides off, scattering orders right and left with bewildering rapidity, and creating a sensation from one end of the house to the other, as he makes his way to the stage to settle the dispute he has been called upon to decide.

Sarria, composer of *La Campana dell'Eremitaggio*, has been created Knight of the Crown of Italy.

HANDEL REDIVIVUS.—Mdme Néruda made an extraordinary impression by her refined and masterly execution of Handel's violin sonata in D major, one of a set of twelve works of the kind published in 1732 ("for violin or German flute"), composed expressly, it is said, for the Prince of Wales. The pianoforte accompaniment to the sonata has been admirably arranged from Handel's own figured bass by Mr Charles Hallé. Mdme Néruda has never, perhaps, held the public more spell-bound than with this sonata, by what some of the "advanced school" would profanely call "a dried-up master." Let the apostles of the "advanced school" go, as Handel went, to the Pierian Spring, which never dries up, and they, possibly, may learn to know (and do) better. —*Graphic*, Jan. 8.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN AMERICA.

V.

Yesterday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock Mdle Bernhardt paid a visit to the retail dry goods house of Jordan, Marsh & Co., spending an hour in the inspection of that immense establishment. By some means the report had spread that she was to be at Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s, and some time before the appointed hour a large throng had assembled at the corner of Washington Street and Avon Place. As she drove up in company with Mr Jarrett she was welcomed by Mr Eben D. Jordan and his son, Mr James Jordan. The latter, who speaks French, escorted the guest through the departments, explaining all details, while the senior member of the firm followed by the side of Mr Jarrett. The actress's presence in the building caused an immense sensation among the throng of employees and customers. Rushes were made at intervals and in all directions—to the elevator, up and downstairs, and to any quarter of the building where the latest flying rumour happened to locate the popular actress. A half-dozen men led the way in advance, to prevent the crowd impeding the progress of the inspection. It was explained to Mademoiselle that the crowd had gathered spontaneously, and apology was made for the annoyance, the multitude unable to pay for theatre tickets being thus afforded the privilege of seeing her off the stage. At this Mdle Bernhardt appeared much pleased, saying that she was accustomed to such things, and that even in Paris she was unable to go about unobserved. The display throughout the store was very fine, each department looking its best, especially the room where the most beautiful carpets were unrolled for the party to walk upon, the American and French goods being separated for purposes of comparison. After the first and second floors had been examined the crowd had reached so nearly the dimensions of a mob that the party took refuge in the rear elevator to ascend to the upper floors. Mdle Bernhardt expressed the greatest interest in the manufacturing department, where she saw in operation the sewing-machines run by steam—a method not yet adopted in Paris. Three or four girls were engaged in different kinds of work, and while the great actress stood watching them they made for her in an incredibly short space several muslin aprons, which she accepted as samples of the quality of the work. She asked many questions, and showed great keenness in the readiness with which she grasped every detail. "American business men, said she, enthusiastically, are *très-vivants*." She compared the house with the famous Paris establishments, the Louvre and the Bon Marché, asserting that she had never visited a store that devoted so much space to strictly retail purposes. During her progress she saw a pair of curtains which so took her fancy that she bought them on the spot, the price being 37 dols.

In the afternoon Mdle Bernhardt visited Harvard University, accompanied by Mr Henry Jarrett, and was shown through the college grounds and buildings. She was much pleased with the beauty of Memorial Hall. The library she pronounced magnificent, and thought it would not suffer by contrast with any of the great libraries of Europe. The arrangement of the books was much admired, and she was also impressed with the manner in which manuscripts are preserved. The mode of instruction in vogue in the college being explained, she expressed an opinion that the system was equal, if not superior, to that adopted by any of the universities on the Continent. She expressed great pleasure at her visit to Harvard, returning to the Hotel Vendôme about five o'clock.—*Boston "Daily Globe," Dec. 16.*

DVORAK'S QUARTET IN E FLAT.—The Popular Concert in St James's Hall, on Monday night, January 3, was one of more than average interest. The E flat quartet of Dvorak, already heard with such undisguised satisfaction at the Saturday concert of December 18 last, more than confirmed the favourable impression then created. The work is as pure Bohemian as its composer—"Czechish" to the full, yet so crowded with beauties that it cannot fail to enchant those whose ears are attuned to the finest issues. Whether the melodies are aboriginal, or of Dvorak's own invention, matters little. They are thoroughly charming, and used to the happiest purpose in each of the four movements. Only to signalise one out of the four—the *Dumka* ("Elegy") is a model of grace and freshness, now quaintly sad, now as gay as could be wished, the whole consistently wrought out and balanced with the hand of a true master of his craft. The quartet was played, as on the former occasion, by Mdme Norman-Néruda, Herr Ries, M. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti, with unfailing accuracy, requisite discrimination of light and shade, and characteristic expression indispensable to the revelation of its subtle beauties.

BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Miss Minnie Hauk has appeared at the Royal Operahouse as the heroine of Bizet's *Carmen*, which has, for a considerable period, been kept out of the bills owing to the long illness of Mdle Tagliana. It is almost needless to state that Miss Hauk achieved a triumph. In the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, Herr Ferdinand Gumbert writes as below:—

"Minnie Hauk a few years since was one of the most popular artists at the Royal Operahouse; her fresh and unimpaired vocal powers, her correct and fluent execution, her animated and graceful acting, rendered her the more valuable in a theatre with so extensive a repertory, as her talent was of a varied nature, and she sang with finished art not only Mozart (Pamina, Zerlina), but, also, Auber (*Domino Noir*, *Fra Diavolo*), Verdi (*Aida*), Donizetti (*La Fille du Régiment*), Götze (*Die Widerspänstige*), &c. She thus became highly popular, and the public attributed, in all likelihood, not unjustly, to intrigues behind the scenes, the fact of her leaving the theatre. The crowded house on each of her two appearances, and the unusually warm reception accorded her, corroborate this view of the case. . . . Most liberal applause and calls after each act proved that the fair and zealous artist had not been forgotten."

From the beginning of the season on the 24th August, 1880, to the 31st December last, the entire number of performances at the Royal Operahouse was 100, the number of works being 41, and of composers, 25—as follows:—Beethoven, *Fidelio*, three times; Gluck, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, once. Mozart, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, four times; *Don Juan*, three times; *Die Zauberflöte*, twice. Weber, *Der Freischütz*, twice; *Oberon*, three times. Meyerbeer, *Le Prophète*, twice; *Robert le Diable*, *L'Africaine*, and *Les Huguenots*, each once. Wagner, *R., Lohengrin*, five times; *Tannhäuser*, four times; *Die Meistersinger* and *Der fliegende Holländer*, twice each. Spontini, *Fernand Cortez*, twice. Marschner, *Hans Heiling*, once. Nicolai, *Die lustigen Weiber*, three times. Rubinstein, *Nero* (new), six times; *Die Macchabäer*, twice. Goldmark, *Die Königin von Saba*, six times. Lortzing, *Caar* and *Zimmermann*, five times. Brüll, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, twice; *Landfriede*, once. Flotow, *Martha*, twice. Nessler, *Der Rattenfänger von Hameln*, twice. Méhul, *Joseph en Egypte*, three times. Boieldieu, *Jean de Paris*, three times; *La Dame Blanche*, once. Auber, *Le Domino Noir*, *La Muette*, each once. Gounod, *Faust*, three times; *Roméo et Juliette*, once. Thomas, *Mignon*, three times. Bizet, *Carmen*, six times; Rossini, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, twice; Donizetti, *La Fille du Régiment*, once; Bellini, *La Sonnambula*, once. Verdi, *La Traviata*, three times; *Aida*, once; *Il Trovatore*, twice. The "guests," or artists engaged for only a certain number of performances, were Mdmes Gabrielli (afterwards a regular member of the company), Adelina Patti, Hartmann, Goselli, Kirchner, Minnie Hauk, Steinher, M. Nicolini and Herr Bussmann.

At the opening of the Scala, for the Carnival and Lent season in Milan, a new opera, *Il Figliuol Prodigo* (on the same subject as Auber's *Enfant Prodigue*), was produced with great success. The composer is Signor Ponchielli, of whose music, despite its Italian successes, not a note has yet been heard at our Italian operas.

BRUGES.—Le concert Trebelli, mezzo-soprano du théâtre de S. M. la Reine d'Angleterre, a eu lieu le 6 Janvier. Mdme Trebelli est encore, bien que sa réputation date de loin, une admirable cantatrice. Sa voix, toujours belle et puissante, surtout dans les cordes graves, a conservé tout son mordant, et son succès a été grand dans l'air de l'*Orfeo* de Gluck: "Che farò senza Euridice," dans la sérénade de Gounod, "Quand tu chantes bercée," et dans la romance de Desauer, "Le Retour des Promis." MM. Ghiberti, basse chantante de Her Majesty's Opera de Londres, et Biancia, pianiste du même théâtre, se sont montrés dignes de leurs partenaires, le premier par sa belle et souple voix, conduite d'après la méthode Italienne (la meilleure de toutes, quoi qu'on en puisse dire), le second par son jeu facile et brillant, et surtout par son remarquable talent d'accompagnateur, talent beaucoup plus rare qu'on ne le croit généralement, et qui n'est pas moins digne d'éloges que tout autre genre de virtuosité. M. Musin, qui est un des bon violonistes de l'école Belge, a été de son côté fort applaudi dans la Sonate en fa de Grieg, la *Suite* en sol mineur, de F. Ries, et le *Souvenir de Moscou*, de Wieniawski. Ce jeune artiste, rompu à toutes les difficultés de son instrument, excelle surtout dans l'art de nuancer, et il est si bien maître de son archet qu'il lui suffit de deux notes, trois fois répétées avec des teintes de plus en plus douces (comme il l'a fait dans la *Suite* de Ries), pour que l'assemblée éclate en "bravos!"

CHERUBINI'S MEDEA AT VIENNA.*

(Concluded from page 27.)

In *Medea*, as in all Cherubini's operas, grand and genial moments alternate with purely formal passages; lofty inspiration with mere padding. This last has a depressing effect, especially when it appears in a favourite form of the composer's, namely, that of repetition; frequent, wearisome repetition, both of the musical phrase and of the words. These repetitions cause each piece to appear even more spun out than it really is, and we cannot blame the hand which has freely cut nearly every one of the numbers for the performance here. The development of operatic music has proceeded, and is still proceeding so rapidly that the lapse of no more than from seventy to eighty years causes even acknowledged masterpieces to age fearfully. Not only do musical details strike us now-a-days as strange and formalistic in Cherubini, but even his dramatic form of expression, so highly and so justly esteemed, does not always suffice for the increased demands of the present day. We recognize and admire the correctness and delicacy of his dramatic intentions, but we do not find them invariably carried out with sufficient fullness and power. How have our demands in this particular risen since the time of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber! Let anyone examine the musical characterization of the various personages in the opera of *Medea*. With the exception of the heroine, they are really mere shadows. Jason, Creon, Dirce, and Neris—all drawn with faultless accuracy, but colourless and insignificant. One of the most obvious and most indisputable advantages of music over poetry is that the former at once convinces directly, where the latter must give a motive, step by step, for everything. Musicians appreciate exceedingly this heart-compelling and unavoidable power of opera as opposed to the weakened effect produced in spoken drama by the operations of the intellect. And yet—how much more profound and more convincing is the impression made on us by Grillparzer's *Medea* than by Cherubini's! Let anyone compare, not merely the total impression of the whole, but the analogous leading scenes and figures in the spoken with those in the musical work. In Grillparzer's play, the King, his Daughter, and Jason, stand out quite different from, and in nicely graduated opposition to, *Medea*; in Cherubini all these personages form only one hostile wall against her. In Grillparzer, we have, besides *Medea*, the lovingly painted, highly finished, and fair form of Creusa, the white rosebud commanding our most lively sympathy as she stands by the side of the magnificently flaming *Feuerdistel*. And Jason, the faithless and hateful deceiver, how carefully is he portrayed by the poet with everything capable of explaining or of rendering his treachery excusable! In Cherubini's opera, Jason is an unimportant tenor and Creusa (Dirce), an unimportant *seconda donna*. Creon and Neris are conventional figures of the same sort. *Medea* is the only personage in whom we take an interest, not to say: the only personage at all in the whole opera. It was a fault, though, perhaps, an intentional one, for the librettist and composer to make the whole story a long monody, as it were, for *Medea*, compared with whom every one and everything else are mere decorative adjuncts. In other respects, the libretto, though much wanting in variety, is certainly fashioned with great cleverness to satisfy the requirements of opera (of the old school). The *Medea*-saga, which ever has been, and ever will be, one of the most powerful subjects that can be selected by a dramatist, be he poet or composer, is consistently constructed and the gradual working-up of the interest well carried out.

With regard to the separate numbers in the opera, we must content ourselves with directing attention more particularly to only a few. The overture, like the introductions to so many other works, now forgotten, of Cherubini's, is still an ornament of our concert-programmes; with its noble bearing, its genuinely French pathos, and its delicate instrumentation, it now almost strikes us as a Concert-overture. Truly Cherubinian in every bar, it is in the best sense characteristic of a master fond of saying more in his orchestra than in his songs. A proudly and finely built-up composition is the grand slow concerted piece in F major of the first act: "Dieux et Déeses," though its effect is marred by the long and monotonous holding of the harmony of the tonic and dominant. The duet between Jason and *Medea* at the end of the

first act moves us strongly by its intense dramatic passion. When we come to the second act, we admire in *Medea*'s prayer, that the king may at least grant her a single day more, the grand tragic spirit of the whole, with its truly genial gradation of declamatory and musical details. For noble beauty of tone and solemn dignity, there are few things comparable to the show-piece of the opera: the march and chorus at Jason's nuptials. Let the reader remark, on the second introduction of the women's chorus, the three series of triads: d, f, c—c, e flat, b—b, d flat, a flat—which sound almost like an announcement of R. Wagner's coming, with the chromatically descending soprano-part: "Doux hymen!" The third act is short, consisting of only two scenes and aiming more at dramatically moving portrayal than independently musical invention. Its whole effect rests on the art of whoever may represent *Medea*; if the artist can, as singer and actress, satisfy the very high demands made on her, she almost causes us to forget the composer. Mme Materna is here thoroughly admirable; indeed, altogether, she decidedly surpassed in the part all our expectations. A remarkable improvement has lately taken place in this lady. Her habit of heaping up shrill and violent accents which once imparted a character of wild naturalism to her singing as well as acting, and spoilt the pleasure we should otherwise have derived from her magnificent natural powers, has now made way for a calmer, more moderate, and more feeling style of expression. Mme Materna still finds the most powerful effects in the resonant metal of her voice, but it is no longer there alone that she seeks them. She has at length perceived that even the most passionate part should not always be painted uninterruptedly *al fresco*; the perception of this fact has been at once followed by the most zealous study, and that, in its turn, by the most gratifying success. We may estimate her *Medea* the more highly because our operatic singers, one and all, have become unfamiliar with Cherubini's vocal style. Despite their praiseworthy efforts, all the artists engaged in the performance moved about as though in an uncomfortable garment, which hung loosely on them, and which they could neither wear properly nor fill out. This was most evident in the case of Mme Ehnn (Dirce), and Herr Labatt (Jason), both of whom, moreover, appeared vocally indisposed. Herr Rokitsansky's Creon was at least imposing in voice and appearance. The chorus was admirable in the grand concerted pieces of the first and third act; the same remark applies to the orchestra, under the direction of Herr Richter, Imperial *Capellmeister*. The contributions of the scene-painter, the costly and elegant costumes, and, lastly, the very clever groupings and movements of the masses, combined admirably to produce a most beautiful effect. We owe this to the self-sacrificing exertions of Dingelstedt, who, like a second Bertrand de Born, seems to require for such deeds only the half of his strength.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

SIMONE BOCCANEGRA.—The report that Verdi's early opera, *Simone Boccanegra*, has been re-written by its composer, to a new libretto by Boito, must be received with as much caution, as another report that Boito is writing a biography of Verdi. (Boito is an incongruous mixture.—Dr Stüger.)

ST PETERSBURGH.—According to trustworthy accounts, Mme Sembrich has made a great hit at the Italian Opera here. M. Maurice Rappaport says among other things in a letter to the *Ménestral*:—

"The success of Mme Marcella Sembrich has surpassed all expectation. You recorded in your columns her appearance as a *dea ex machina* in London and her instantaneous triumph there; it has been the same here; she appeared once and was immediately proclaimed a 'star,' destined to reign in the vocal firmament of the Opera. There is nothing astonishing in all this. When a lady possesses a fine, flexible voice, of sympathetic character, and more especially when she has studied seriously, she quickly reaches the goal in view, and creates for herself a thoroughly solid artistic position. . . . Every time she appears the house is crowded. All the critics agree in proclaiming her as an exceptionally fine singer."

Boito's *Mefistofele* is in preparation.—A new opera, *Taras Boulba*, the book of which is founded on Gogol's story of the same name, has been produced at the Russian Operahouse, with no success. Another new opera, *Jeanne d'Arc*, by Tchaikowski, is in rehearsal.

* From the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*.

THE CADI.

(From the "Liverpool Mercury," Jan. 6.)

So thin is the partition which divides the serious from the comic in opera, that it is easily demolished to make way for the type of caricature which comes of the fusion of both. Cognisant of this simple fact, Ambroise Thomas designed *Le Caid*, and if his work did not laugh the modern Italian operatic school out of existence, it at least had the effect of restraining a licence, whose injurious influence was at the time of its composition beginning to assert itself. The ridicule of *Le Caid* acted as an antidote to a maudlin sentimentality in musical expression, which could have ended only in the obliteration of purity of taste. Bellini and Donizetti exist on the European stage, and so does the Thomas travesty, to warn us against yielding too exclusively to these seductive sirens. Leaving its peculiar history and the suggestion it gave of burlesque in music, a suggestion which has been pushed to unhappy limits, *Le Caid* must always be regarded as an incarnation of indignant satire. There is scarcely a bar which is not illuminated by that peculiarly piquant sense of humour, which is part of the organization of every poet, be his medium of association with meaner mortals music or song. It is, however, curious to observe how Thomas occasionally strays from the satirical path into which he had been led by his contempt for a certain class of dramatic composition, which had overrun the French stage in his earlier days. Releasing himself from the task his combative feelings imposed, he has here and there given himself up to the pleasure of illustrating with infinite grace, that tenderness of passion which is so distinctive in his *Mignon*. Regarded technically, *The Cadi* is admirable, for there is not a loose joint in the armour with which it resists the attack of searching scrutiny. Notwithstanding its structural excellence, there is reason to believe that M. Thomas looks upon this work with an affection similar to that which inspires Wagner when he thinks of *The Flying Dutchman* and *Rienzi*. But M. Thomas may take comfort in the fact that *The Cadi*, although responsible for the existence of the imitations that followed it and almost monopolised our theatres for some years, partially vitiating musical sensibility, is in its present revival by the Rosa company renewing its life as a work of art. Had he been at the Royal Amphitheatre last night, he would have enjoyed the demeanour of the large audience who then assembled to hear the first performance in this city. They realized the wit of the music, and with abundant appreciation accepted the mock heroism and low comedy which are ever present in the opera. Virginie, Fatma, Biroteau, Aly-Bajou, Michael, and Aboul-y-Far, could not have been more fortunate in their representatives than in Miss Burns, Miss La Rue (!), Mr Turner, Mr Lyall, Mr Crotty, and Mr Snazelle, for they entered thoroughly into the comic spirit. If we remember aright, Miss Burns timidly appeared in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, a year or two ago, and who then could have dreamt that she would develop into the brilliant vocalist who last night scornfully treated every difficulty. She is greatly gifted, and her natural qualifications have been supplemented by acquirements, the result of diligence and perception. No more animated performance than her Virginie can be found, and to hear her would alone make a representation of *The Cadi* attractive. Mr Turner was admirable as the Barber, a character in which he exhibited that capacity for caricature not prominent in his artistic temperament until he played one of the brigands in *Stradella*. In Aly-Bajou, Mr Lyall has added another celebrity to his comic gallery, and the intendat of the Cadi must very soon become a rival of Count Arnheim's nephew, the Spanish smuggler, and the Irish peasant. As Michael, Mr Crotty sang with great verve, and if the opera be repeated once or twice his declamatory power and intensity of expression must bring the Tambour Major's songs into wide popularity. In the uxorious and cowardly Cadi, Mr Snazelle obtained remarkable success. The chorus were tuneful and vigorous, and not a point was lost by the orchestra. Mr Betjeman conducted with a skill that brought about a telling unity of purpose. This evening *Stradella* is to be given.

The Teatro San Carlo at Naples, re-opened on the 22nd ult. with Verdi's *Aida*, which, according to the *Giornale d'Italia*, and other local papers, was but coldly received on the first night, but less coldly on the second. The *Aida* was Mme Cepeda, well-known to frequenters of our Royal Italian Opera.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN CANADA.

ARRIVAL AT MONTREAL.

(From the "Montreal Post," Dec. 28, 1880.)

Towards eight o'clock last evening the Bonaventure Depot began to wear a more lively appearance than usual; it was the day, and almost the hour, of the arrival of the famous French actress. The gathering crowd was a varied one; our French fellow-citizens stood in the majority. There was but a small sprinkling of ladies in attendance.

The train which brought Sarah to Montreal was delayed, and did not arrive till 9.30 p.m. During the interval, some formed into groups and indulged in a general criticism on "all about Sarah." Others tramped and rubbed their ears to keep the blood in circulation, others mounting on the tops of cars and raising a cheer at everything conspicuous or new in the crowd below. One side of the platform was now covered to a good extent with eager lookers on. The crowd was compact and crushed into the smallest space around the doors. Such was the state of things when Sarah Bernhardt alighted from the Pullman car. There was a band of music in attendance, endeavouring to play the national air. The enthusiasm of the crowd was sunk in their turbulence, the cheers of welcome giving way to the eager glances of the curious throng. It was who could crush and push the nearest to where the great comedian would pass. The surging mass of humanity thus swayed to and fro, and in the midst were hedged Sarah Bernhardt and her gentlemanly escort, Mr Henry Jarrett. The crush was tremendous, and worked so much upon the nerves of the delicate actress, that she fell exhausted and powerless into the arms of her escort; her head lay motionless on his shoulder, and for a moment she seemed to have lost her senses. It was with the greatest difficulty and risk of serious injury that she even reached the side entrance, to which Morey's covered sleigh had to be brought. All appeals to the ever pushing mob to cease, were unavailing. She was, however, finally carried by Mr Jarrett to the sleigh and seated. Relief was immediately experienced by the pale victim of eager but inconsiderate curiosity. Her first exclamation was an anxious inquiry about what had become of her sister, lost in the crowd. Sarah asked, in a sweet and touching voice: "*Où est ma sœur? Ou est ma sœur?*" Receiving for answer: "*Soyez tranquille, Madame, elle va vous suivre.*" This did not satisfy the anxiety of Sarah Bernhardt, and she burst forth in a most plaintive tone: "*Trouvez moi, ma sœur! Oh, où est ma sœur!*" Reassured again that her sister would follow at once and meet with no injury, the door was closed, and, still suffering from the effects of this trying ordeal, Sarah lay exhausted while driven to the Windsor. Evidently, the impression of her arrival and reception in Montreal will not easily fade away from the memory of the renowned French artist.

The tenor, Duchesne, has left the San Carlo, Naples, his successor being one Rosetti.

According to the Frankfort papers, Herr Maurice Strakosch, the well-known impresario, has made arrangements with Director Angelo Neumann, of the Leipzig Opera, to bring out the entire tetralogy of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, under the superintendence of the composer himself, in the course of the ensuing London season. (*Credat Judeus Apella!—Dr Blüthner.*)

The *Building and Engineering Times* has commenced a new series under the editorship of Mr George Chaloner, F.C.S., formerly editor of *Iron*, with a staff of trained assistants. The new proprietor intends to make this journal a representative organ of the building and engineering trades. Illustrated supplements are given with each number, the last issue being a portrait of Sir J. Bazalgette, C.B.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-THIRD SEASON, 1880-81.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

SEVENTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,

MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1881,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in A minor, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—by desire—MM. Jean Becker, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Songs, "Erndtelied" (Mendelssohn) and "Willst du dein Herz" (Bach)—Mdlle Friedländer; Variations Sérieuses, in D minor, Op. 54, for pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn)—Mdlle Marie Krebs.

PART II.—Stücke im Volkston, for pianoforte and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdlle Marie Krebs and Signor Piatti; Songs, "Ein Schwan" (Grieg), and "Lied," Op. 83 (Rubinstein)—Mdlle Friedländer; Quartet, in D major, Op. 64, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—MM. Jean Becker, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini.

EIGHTH AFTERNOON CONCERT,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1881,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in D minor, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schubert)—MM. Jean Becker, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Air, "In native worth" (Haydn)—Mr Edward Lloyd; Sonata, in E flat, Op. 81 "Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour", for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdlle Marie Krebs; Elegie, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Ernst)—Herr Jean Becker; Serenade, "Awake, awake" (Piatti)—Mr Edward Lloyd, violoncello obbligato—Signor Piatti; Trio, in D minor, Op. 43, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Mdlle Marie Krebs, Herr Jean Becker, and Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini.

MR FRANK J. AMOR.

A FEW Friends of Mr F. J. AMOR are raising a Fund to enable him to proceed to America, where he will have a much greater opportunity of exercising his talents than is possible in this country.

About £150 is necessary, towards which the following sums have been subscribed:—

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Professor Macfarren ...	5 5 0	J. W. Standen, Esq. ...	1 1 0
Stanley Lucas, Esq. ...	1 1 0	A. Burnett, Esq. ...	1 1 0
H. R. Evers ...	2 2 0	D. Godfrey, Esq. ...	1 1 0
P. Sainton, Esq. ...	5 5 0	C. Harper, Esq. ...	1 1 0
R. Evers, Esq. ...	1 1 0	E. Lockwood, Esq. ...	1 1 0
W. H. Cummings, Esq. ...	5 5 0	W. H. Holmes, Esq. ...	1 1 0
F. Westlake, Esq. ...	1 1 0	G. Horton, Esq. ...	0 10 6
C. E. Stephens, Esq. ...	1 1 0	O. Scudsen, Esq. ...	0 10 6
T. A. Wallworth, Esq. ...	2 2 0	C. Gardner, Esq. ...	0 10 6
Dr Stainer ...	5 5 0	H. C. Lunn, Esq. ...	0 10 6
A. O'Leary, Esq. ...	0 10 6	A Friend... ..	2 2 0
H. Lazarus, Esq. ...	1 1 0	A Friend... ..	1 10 0
W. H. Tinney, Esq. ...	1 1 0	Mr J. W. Davison ...	2 2 0
Charles Santley, Esq. ...	5 5 0	Mr W. Duncan Davison ...	2 2 0
Walter Macfarren, Esq. ...	1 1 0		

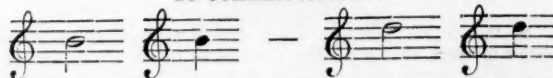
The kind co-operation of amateur and professional musicians is respectfully solicited towards completing the necessary amount. Subscriptions can be forwarded to Mr H. R. EYRES (Hon. Treasurer), at the Royal Academy of Music; or to Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street.

MDME VALLERIA.—Letters from America, we are happy to state, announce the entire restoration to health of this genial, talented, and versatile artist.

MRS BATEMAN.—We announce with much regret the death of Mrs Bateman, widow of the well known and popular American manager, Mr H. L. Bateman, and lessee of the admirably conducted New Sadlers Wells Theatre, after a short illness. Mrs Bateman died from inflammation of the lungs.

THE "DAMNATION DE FAUST."—This very remarkable work was again given, under the direction of Mr Charles Hallé, on Saturday night, in St James's Hall, before a densely thronged audience. The leading singers were (as before) Miss Mary Davies, Messrs Edward Lloyd, Pyatt, and Santley. The performance was in all respects first-rate, chorus, orchestra, and "principals" vying with each other in producing an irreproachable ensemble. The work of Berlioz, enjoyed more keenly than ever, was received with the same applause, the usual pieces (the "March" and the "Dream") being unanimously encored. *Faust* is to be repeated on Saturday, the 29th inst., and in all likelihood followed by *L'Enfance du Christ* of the same composer, which the indefatigable Mr Hallé has already produced at his head-quarters—Free Trade Hall, in Manchester.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.



OPERATIC INQUIRER.—Auber's operas are too much neglected for things which have not a tithe of their merit. Let some of the popular men of the day compose as good a work as *Le Philtre* (same theme as Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*), or *Gustave III.* (same subject as Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*).

D. B. (Glasgow).—No matter, we shall always be glad to hear from you on any subject you may find interesting.

AMATEUR.—The "young English tenor," of whom Mendelssohn speaks so highly, in a letter to his brother about the production of *Elijah* at the Birmingham Festival of 1846, was Charles Lockey, who, in later years became the husband of Miss Martha Williams. Both Martha Williams, and her sister Anne (subsequently Mrs Price), sang at this performance, and among other things, a duet, for which Mendelssohn, on re-consideration, substituted with such happy effect, the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes." The leading soprano was Mdlle Caradori Allan, who wished to transpose "Hear ye Israel," from B minor to C minor, which Mendelssohn would not allow. The chief contralto was Miss Maria B. Hawes, the Elijah being Standigl, whom Mendelssohn then heard for the first time.

E. CUNINGHAM ROOSEY.—No. Aliduke of the Marches was not even a distant relative to Reresby of Thyburgh, who came into the world about 1,000 years after him. Aliduke did write "lays," and accompanied himself (at Courts) on the post-lute.

A STUDENT.—We can recommend nothing better than the "Studies" of J. B. Cramer, and the *Gradus ad Parnassum* of Muzio Clementi. The "Studies" of Kessler are doubtless excellent, while those of Steibelt are not only useful in a mechanical sense but attractive as music in the bargain.

DEATHS.

On January 5, at No. 54, Addison Road, Kensington, LOUISA, wife of CARL ENGEL.

On January 9, suddenly, at Southport, BENJAMIN RALPH ISAAC, Professor of Music, 61, Bedford Street, Liverpool, aged 63.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1881.

PONCHIELLI.



TOUCHING the merits of *Il Figliuol Prodigo*, with which the season at the Scala opened but recently, private letters from Milan state that opinions much differ. "We are sick here of Biblical subjects for opera; and equally tired of incessant 'noise, noise, noise' in the *finales* and other concerted pieces." This comes from a well-known and accepted critic. Other letters contain observations to the same purport. "We want melody"—they say—"not melody, so-called, perpetually carried on by means of diminished sevenths, 'tremolando' and enharmonic changes in the orchestra, but, 'melodia pura, chiara, semplice, innata, e perciò simpatica,' &c." By this is clearly not intended the "infinite melos" of the 'Zukunft,' which, except in the case of Wagner, the great Prophet himself, is no melody whatever, but what Hanslick would term "melodies"—that is to say, tune symbolical of the circular serpent of Eastern mythology, which, the circle once completed, extremes meet, and the lower extremity is kissed, or bitten, by the higher. Square that circle, Wagner, if thou canst, bearing in mind that the Universe moves circularly, each particular thereof turning round its own axis, and then, in occasionally eccentric, or Wagnerian, orbits (ask "Luna" and the Planetary satellites) revolving round other circularly revolving spheres, the whole revolving, circularly, around

a central something of which we know no more than the self-luminous stars know why they are self-luminous, or why perpetually condemned to turn celestial somersaults. Ponchielli should ponder this before he writes his next opera. About "his sedate harmonies, in the ancient church style and modes," extending even to his ballet music—we shall judge better when we hear them.

To Shaver Silver, Esq.

Otto Reard.

THE LATE JOHN CURWEN.

A marble tablet has recently been erected in Plaistow Congregational Church, in memory of the late Rev. John Curwen, founder of the Tonic Sol-Fa Method of Singing. The memorial is of a scroll design, executed to order, in white Carrara and black marbles, by Messrs Gaffin & Co., the well-known sculptors, of Regent Street. Subjoined is the inscription on the Tablet:—

In Loving Memory of

The Rev. John Curwen,

who for 23 years was the faithful Pastor of this Church, and through whose instrumentality, being greatly assisted by his

Devoted Wife,

this Building with the Schools adjoining was erected. He was also the Founder of the Tonic Sol-Fa Method of Singing.

Died 20th May, 1880. Aged 63 years.

"He being dead yet speaketh."—Heb. chap. ii. v. 4.

CONCERTS.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—Miss Marie Krebs made her first appearance for the present season at the concert given on Monday last, and received the hearty welcome which an English audience never refuses to an artist who deserves it. Her entry was the signal for prolonged and unanimous applause, partly due, in its warmth and heartiness, to sympathy with recent trials, and to congratulation upon the fact that they are happily past. Since Miss Krebs was last among us she has lost the father and master who guided her steps towards the eminence she now enjoys; and she has also been called upon to endure a physical affliction which, at one time, threatened serious consequences. Many of her friends remembered these things on Monday night, and expressed their feelings with regard to them in a way unmistakably sincere. For purely artistic reasons, however, amateurs are right glad to see Miss Krebs among them once more. They may not approve without reserve of all she does, nor consider her unsurpassed in every phase of her difficult and many-sided art. But, for that matter, whom do they so estimate? Nobody. Reasons based upon not so much want of appreciation as the impossibility of any individual artistic nature covering the whole ground, stand in the way of executive genius at once universal and uniform. Hence among musical artists, as among the lights of the firmament, "one star differeth from another star in glory," and the perfect glory can only be found by a combination of them all. In what consists the claim of Miss Krebs to high rank there is no need to tell. She has been before English amateurs from the day when her fingers could not span an octave, and year after year has witnessed, to the consciousness of us all, her growth as well in intellectual grasp, and true if not demonstrative feeling, as in executive skill. After a fashion she belongs to the history of music in England, and fills, in that relationship, a place neither mean nor unhonoured. Miss Krebs played but one piece on Monday night, but that one, Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, was equal to a host. Her performance may fairly be described as admirable, alike in mechanical facility, feeling for the sentiment of the music, and perception of the composer's plan and thought. The "Waldstein" is a work that absorbs, in order to reflect, almost any measure or kind of individuality on the part of the interpreter, and among audiences some prefer one rendering, some another. That of Miss Krebs was recommended to most by a restraint of self which placed the composer before the eye with nothing near him to distract attention. Playing of this sort is especially valuable at a time when executants too often regard Beethoven as a mere battle-horse on which to exhibit their own daring and prowess. Miss Krebs was loudly applauded, and thrice called back to the platform. She

deserved the reward, but should not have spoiled the effect of the "Waldstein" by treating it as a demand for "something else." Encores at these concerts are a nuisance, which artists, above all, should recognise as such, and treat accordingly. The remainder of the programme was devoted to Mozart's Quintet in G minor and Beethoven's Serenade Trio in D, together with two songs, contributed by Miss Hope Glenn.—D. T.

MR AGUILAR'S performance of pianoforte music at his residence, 17, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, on Thursday, January 6, 1881, consisted of Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3 (Beethoven); Fantasia in A minor (Aguilar); "Farewell" and "Hunting Song" (Schumann); "Le Désir" (transcription) (Aguilar); Sonata in C (Weber); "Rêve" and "Aveu"—two melodies—(Aguilar); "The Last Rose of Summer" (Thalberg); Nocturne in B and Impromptu in G flat (Chopin); "Day Dream" and "Marche militaire" (Aguilar).

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE TESTIMONIAL FUND.—The concert in connection with the above object was given at Willis's Rooms, under the direction of the "Orpheus Orchestral Society," an association of upwards of forty non-professional instrumentalists. They form a band complete in every department, and are ably conducted by Mr George Ashmead, himself an amateur musician of considerable talent. Von Suppé's overture to *Poet and Peasant*; Wallace's overture to *Maritana*; a selection from Gounod's *Faust*; a movement from Beethoven's Symphony in D; and Mozart's overture to *Figaro* were performed with a unity and vigour to reflect credit on any orchestra, and which displayed a degree of musical culture highly creditable to our amateur musicians. Dr W. H. Stone, Messrs L. Beddome, Gates, Graham Browne, and Lewis deserve special mention for proficiency on their respective instruments—clarinet, oboe, flute, bassoon, and violoncello. The vocalist was Mme Estelle Emrick (contralto), who sang, with cultivated taste, Charles Salaman's "Loved One"; Lover's "What will you do love?" and "Una voce poco fa." Mr Salaman presided at the pianoforte. The "fancy bazaar" should have terminated before the concert began. It was an error of judgment to combine them. The noisy conversation at the further end of the concert room, which not only disturbed the music, but the temper of the listeners, was not occasioned by the ill-breeding, too frequently observable at musical parties, but the inevitable consequence of circumstances which, out of respect for the musicians engaged, and the dignity of the art they represent, should not have been allowed.—(From an occasional correspondent.)

PROVINCIAL.

HASTINGS (Correspondence).—Knowing that you are anxious to gather news from all parts of the world, I send you the programme of an excellent concert I attended on Friday (Jan. 7), which was successful in every point. The room was crowded. Charles Hallé and Norman-Néruda, who played admirably, were much applauded, and frequently re-called. All went in strict order according to the programme subjoined:—

Grand Sonata, pianoforte, in A flat, Op. 26, with the Funeral March (Beethoven); Concertino, violin, in A major, No. 12 (Spohr); Two "Stücke im Volkstone," Lento in F, and Allegro in A minor, piano and violin (Schumann); Solo Pianoforte, Prelude in D flat, and Grand Polonaise in A flat (Chopin); Solo Violin, Sonata in D (Handel), with a pianoforte accompaniment by Charles Hallé; Grand Sonata, piano and violin, in A, dedicated to Kreutzer (Beethoven).

Everyone present was charmed both with programme and performance.

LIVERPOOL.—The third week of Carl Rosa's very successful operatic season at the Royal Amphitheatre had a bright opening with Flotow's *Marta*, the revival of which tuneful opera being in all respects welcome. The Italian version has hitherto been the only one vouchsafed to Liverpool audiences, but the execution on the present occasion was remarkable in all respects, each leading singer being note-perfect, and the rest to match. Miss Georgina Burns was a Lady Enrichetta (Martha) to satisfy all tastes, and Miss Josephine Yorke a Nancy worthy such a partner. There is no tenor part better adapted for Mr Maas than that of Lionel. The cantabile music comes with spontaneous effect from his splendid voice, enhanced, moreover, as it is by his truly artistic style. Mr Ludwig, as Plunkett, proved worthy of his companions, whilst Mr Snazelle rendered good service as Lord Tristan. The band and chorus again showed their thorough proficiency, Mr John Pew conducting. Plaudits, encores, and re-calls were hearty and numerous.

LEEDS (from a correspondent).—Dr Spark, of Leeds, has been commissioned by the directors of the New Hull and Barnaby Railway and Dock Company to compose the music to an ode, the words

of which are entitled "Song of the Men of Hull," written by the Rev. A. W. Kemp, master of the Charter House, Hull. The grand demonstration at the turning of the first sod by Lieut.-Col. Gerard Smith, J.P., will take place this day (Saturday) at one o'clock, when a chorus of 2,000 voices and seventeen military bands will perform the music, under the direction of Mr Wm. Gibson.

A MODEL CRITICISM.

(From the *Leipsic correspondent of a respected contemporary.*)

"At the twelfth concert in the celebrated hall known as the *Gewandhaus*, in this city, two new manuscript overtures were performed. The composer is the renowned Johann Brahms, who himself conducted the performance. Every ticket had been sold a fortnight ago, and it was only by special favour of Herr Reinecke, the chief conductor at these concerts, that I was enabled to be present. The first overture, in D minor, consists of music of a tragic character. The introduction is followed by a treatment of the theme and coda. At the commencement the more cheerful or happier element prevails. This is given by the stringed instruments. An intermittent kind of mournful, wailing music, performed by the wooden wind instruments, foreshadows the gloomier results that are approaching. From time to time, the brass instruments break in, becoming gradually more and more powerful at each return, until at length they entirely overpower the rest of the orchestra, the stringed music dying away. The theme of the second, or *Festival Overture*, consists of German *Studentenlieder*. The composer wrote it in recognition of the degree conferred on him by Breslau University, where it was first performed, but in private, on the 4th of January. The orchestration of this second work is very remarkable, notably some extraordinary effects are produced by stopped horns and by the triangles. The ideas in both overtures are very clearly worked out. The reception they met with was favourable, though, compared with that accorded to some of Brahms' earlier works, it can hardly be called enthusiastic."

To "Cherubini."

[The Italics in the foregoing article are intended to emphasise the supreme issues. They are mine.—Dr Bittor.]

MR FRANK AMOR.—We beg to call the attention of our readers, amateur and professional, to an advertisement on the leader page of the present number, headed as above.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The return of Mlle Marie Krebs adds another brilliant and legitimate attraction to an important department in the programmes of these excellent concerts. The pianoforte is, has been, and always will be, a formidable rival to the violin. It is, in fact, the instrument in most universal request, and no wonder, inasmuch as it is not merely an efficient medium for accompanying vocal music of all kinds in the drawing-room and the chamber, but the only instrument that can represent the orchestra, and, with the aid of condensation, place the general signification of an orchestral score at command of ten, more or less, adroit and intelligently-governed fingers. That Mlle Krebs is just now one of the most expert and accomplished pianists before the public is unanimously agreed, and on the present occasion her execution of Beethoven's very fine and very difficult sonata in C (Op. 53), dedicated to his friend and patron, Count Waldstein, had there been any doubt in the matter, would have at once established her position. The applause awarded to Mlle Krebs for this remarkable display in no way exceeded her deserts. After being twice re-called, she took her seat again at the pianoforte, and played the second of Mendelssohn's six "Posthumous" Studies—the *moto perpetuo* in F major. The lovely and impassioned Quintet in G minor of Mozart, as well as the light and melodious Serenade in D major of Beethoven, both for stringed instruments, gave ample opportunity for Mad. Néruda, Messrs Ries, Straus, Zerbin, and Piatti in the first, and for Mad. Néruda, Piatti, and Straus in the last, to exhibit their skill to the highest advantage. An Italian *aria* by Haydn, and "A lonely Arab maid," from Weber's *Oberon*, were sung with true expression by Miss Hope Glenn, one of the most talented and promising of our young native vocalists.

THE GHOST MELODY IN THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

(From the "Daily News.")

The question, "Who was the composer of the Ghost Melody?" the tremulous notes of which are so effective in stimulating the imagination of spectators of the performance of *The Corsican Brothers*, excites, if we may judge from the letters we have received on the subject, no little interest. To correspondents who object to our recent observation that there is "some obscurity" on this point—and particularly to the gentleman who is kind enough to assure us that "every body but the writer of the Monday article on the Theatres in the *Daily News*" knows that it was "the production of M. Stoepel, now musical conductor at the Adelphi"—we have only to say that we were aware that it has long been attributed to this gentleman. On the other hand, it has also been attributed to M. Varney, composer of "Mourir pour la Patrie," or "Song of the Gironde," who died about two years since, and who, like M. Stoepel himself, was at one period conductor of the orchestra of the Théâtre Historique, where *Les Frères Corses* was originally produced, under the management of Alexandre Dumas, about thirty years ago. One of our correspondents is Mr Boucicault, who certainly ought to be well informed on this matter, for it was he who adapted and prepared the French play for representation at the Princess's Theatre, under the late Mr Charles Kean's management; and Mr Boucicault is very decided in claiming the "Ghost Melody" for M. Stoepel. Nevertheless, we believe Mr Boucicault is mistaken.

By the kindness of a correspondent we have been allowed to read a letter from M. Stoepel himself, written in consequence of his attention having been directed by a friend to our recent note on this point; but unfortunately the writer rather evades than answers his friend's question. What M. Stoepel says is that he has "often been amused at the importance attached to the 'Ghost Melody,'" since many pieces of his composition, which he considers "of higher merit," have "not brought him any notice." He also says that the music of *The Corsican Brothers* was not written for Mr Boucicault's version, but for the original performance at the Théâtre Historique. Since then M. Stoepel has been pressed by his friend to be more explicit; but the application has only resulted in a still more ambiguous and oracular response. M. Stoepel now says that he could, if he chose, "set the whole matter to rest with a very few words;" but he declines to give any further information. Of course, M. Stoepel, if he be the composer of the "Ghost Melody," is justified in declining to claim it; though if it be the work of another man, it is difficult to understand why he should hesitate to put upon the right shoulders the authorship of a piece which he regards as of little merit. All this may perhaps be considered to justify our remark that the history of the "Ghost Melody" is not free from obscurity.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the directors of the Philharmonic Society (Messrs W. G. Cusins, Francesco Berger, H. Leslie, G. Mount, C. E. Stephens, John Thomas, and T. H. Wright), on Tuesday last, the subjoined resolutions were unanimously adopted:—Six concerts to be given during the season; the orchestra, with Mr W. G. Cusins as sole conductor, to consist of eighty performers; two rehearsals to be held instead of the traditional one (a manifest improvement); subscribers, members, and associates, as in the old time, to be admitted to rehearsals on the Wednesday preceding each concert; no member of the directorate to have any of his own works performed; the *Romeo and Juliet* of Hector Berlioz to be given in its entirety, as well as a new orchestral suite by Mr F. H. Cowen, &c. Mme Albani has accepted an engagement, and M. Scharwenka is to introduce a new pianoforte concerto of his own composition. The Guarantee Fund already exceeds £1,750; Mr Henry Hersee, who succeeds Mr Stanley Lucas as Secretary, has subscribed a whole year's salary. Dr Francis Hueffer replaces Professor G. A. Macfarren, of the Cambridge University, as writer of the analytical programmes—so that the Wagnerian theory and doctrines will now be more fearlessly and emphatically championed. Herr Johannes Brahms did not, we learn, decline to co-operate with Mr Cusins as conductor, but pleaded his inability to arrive in England soon enough. No such plea was advanced, however, when his absence from Cambridge, in 1866, created a disappointment only atoned for by the presence of Joseph Joachim, his fellow-created "Doctor in Music," introduced (like Brahms) by Professor Macfarren. The proposition to Brahms, on the part of the Philharmonic Society, we are given to understand, was made with the hearty approval and concurrence of Mr W. G. Cusins himself.—*Graphic*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN NEW YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr Mapleson's New York season of Italian opera ended last Friday (Christmas eve) with a performance—the eighth during a season of thirty nights—of *Lucia*, a tuneful but familiar friend. Mapleson's musical conscience, if he has any such thing, had evidently troubled him of late, and he had announced *Don Giovanni* for the last night with what he called a "star" cast, including Campanini, Del Puente, Gerster, Valleria, and Mrs Swift. But Mme Valleria, who has caught a severe cold, notwithstanding the assiduous attention and care of Mr Hutchinson, her husband, was unable to sing during the whole of the last week. *Aida* was given up, and *Don Giovanni* was replaced by the inevitable *Lucia*. The houses have, however, been excellent, the receipts seldom falling below 800 dols. The only new work brought out during the season has been *Mefistofele*. The best performances have been of *Aida* and *Faust*. The chorus has been doing ragged work all along, in which it was abetted by the orchestra. Gerster has been the popular favourite of the day, as she was in 1878. Mapleson has had several disputes with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who threatened him with arrest in case he persisted in inducing small children to dance in the ballet of *Aida* and other operas. He was indignant, but yielded. He protested that these little slaves of the *Aida* ballet were children of his company, belonging to his Academy of Dancing in London; that they had been picked out of the gutter, and were enabled to earn an honest living on the stage. To all of which the society with the long name gave no answer, but sent big men with hand-cuffs in their pockets to enjoy the performances of *Aida* and watch for the children's appearance, upon which they were to seize the unhappy manager. The company began singing in Boston on Monday night with a performance of *Aida*, in which Mrs Marie Swift replaced Mme Valleria, who is yet on the retired list.

Some of our newspapers are making considerable noise over the attempt of a certain Mr Edward Fry, a bedridden gentleman, who was the Mapleson of New York twenty years ago, and was driven from the operatic field by Strakosch, just as Strakosch has now been driven off by Mapleson, to get opera to his sick-room by telephone. Mr Mapleson showed me, some time ago, on the stage of the Academy of Music, a telephone-receiver about the size of a cigar-box, placed right beside the prompter's box and hidden from the audience by the footlights. Four wires go from this box to Mr Fry's house—a quarter of a mile away. I have not been able to see Mr Fry or to hear through his telephone, but Mr Leroy, the secretary of the Academy, who was instrumental in getting the necessary permission from Mapleson to put the instrument in place, gave me his impressions of an act of *Lucia* by telephone. "The newspapers," said Mr Leroy, "have given people the notion that listening to an opera through Mr Fry's telephone is like sitting in the Academy with one's eyes closed." Nothing could be more erroneous. Mr Fry's telephone is no more than the ordinary bell-telephone now used in every New York business-office; it has to be held to the ear, and then the music is heard distinctly enough, but it sounds as if it came from ten miles off. It reminds one of the kind of opera which the Lilliputians might have given to Gulliver—opera on a very small scale. Chorus, solo singers and orchestra were curiously distinct, but I prefer my seat in the Academy, even with my eyes closed, to a telephone at home. To Mr Fry, however, it is new life. He can talk about nothing else, and really has a pleasant time on opera nights. He sits propped up in bed, telephone at his ear, a libretto in hand, and the photographs of the chief singers of the evening ranged in a semi-circle about him. When he is pleased he joins in the applause which he hears through his telephone, and when Valleria outdoes herself he pats her picture approvingly. When Monti sings a false note he tips his picture over instead of hissing. He says that it is just like being at the opera without the bother of using an opera-glass. In the day time Mr Fry amuses himself by listening to rehearsals, and when lectures are given on off nights he hears the speaking perfectly. At the Sunday services held by the Moody and Sankey disciples in the Academy he hears the sermon, prayers, and singing with perfect distinctness. It is a singular fact that when there is a concerted piece going on, such as the *Lucia* sextet, the singer who happens to be nearest the telephone is not heard louder than

the singer farthest away. During the last three weeks Mapleson has received more than thirty applications for permission to put telephones on the Academy stage, but has refused them, not knowing how many more might follow. He might find himself giving opera to an audience of telephones.

Our regular classical-music societies—the "Philharmonic" and the "Symphony"—are doing very well this year, but both of our popular gardens for semi-classical music have come to a disastrous end—at least the concerts have. Theodore Thomas found that there were not enough music lovers for the opera and the symphony societies and his garden concerts beside. He gave up the experiment two weeks ago; and, in consequence, Arditi may be able to get together a far better orchestra when Mapleson returns to New York in April than he had this autumn. Thomas had engaged the best local musicians by offering them permanent engagements. Herr Rudolph Bial, who came from Berlin two years ago to lead an orchestra in one of our best beer gardens, has persevered until it was evident that it was useless trying to attract a public to his concerts because that public did not exist. Both these conductors—Thomas and Bial—gave first-rate concerts in well lighted, well situated halls. The orchestra under Bial numbered forty men; that under Thomas was a little larger. The programmes were excellent, and the admission at both places a shilling. Here, for instance, is one of Thomas's popular programmes taken at random from a heap at my side:

Overture, *Abencerragen* (Cherubini); Adagio from Second Symphony (Saint-Saëns); "Roma," suite by Bizet; "Funeral March of a Marionette" (Gounod); Walther's Prize-song from Wagner's *Meistersinger*; violin solo by August Wilhelmj; *King Lear*, overture (Berlioz); Reitermarsch (Schubert-Liszt). (Can't say much for this, Theodore, dear boy.—Dr. Blüger.)

Such a concert ought to please the public, and it does please a few faithful ones, but not many enough to make it pay. Therefore Bial will give place next week to an Irish gentleman named Gilmore, who will endeavour to attract attention with *potpourris* on *Pinafore* and other perpetrations of the sort, scored for a brass band of sixty pieces. Rafael Joseffy, the young Hungarian pianist, is the hero of the hour just at present, the public seeming never to tire of his monotonous *pianissimo*.

The Bernhardt company, reinforced by Jeanne Bernhardt, is now in Baltimore, making a clear profit of 400 dols. a-night. In Montreal, where they played twice on Christmas Day, the Roman Catholic Archbishop kindly consented to advertise Bernhardt by denouncing her in print and from the pulpit, warning his congregation against her insidious influence. Consequence:—splendid audiences and a public reception. Now that Bernhardt has reached small towns, in which she plays but one night, the local critics are in their glory. A Hertford newspaper begins its review of the night by saying: "Bernhardt was undoubtedly immense."

The great Italian tragedian, Salvini, has been playing here, and the Polyglot company does not grate upon the ears so much as he himself had anticipated. With Othello especially he has won, not only golden opinions, but dollars. He has also appeared in Hamlet, Sullivan (David Garrick), and the Gladiator.

New York, Dec. 30, 1880.

HAYES.

THE TRUTH OF IT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Some time ago the late organist of Montreal Cathedral sent over to tell me that a professor of music, lately arrived from London, was personating me in Canada. I contented myself then with simply giving him permission to contradict the report, current there as well as here, that I had left England to take upon myself the duties of his office by the invitation of those in authority. But now comes a letter from an agent on the other side of the Atlantic, who, "is requested to make certain enquiries respecting a gentleman borrowing my name and reputation." May I be permitted to inform my friends here and in Canada?—1st, that there is only one Dr Verrinder; 2nd, that no one of that name in this country has had conferred upon him, or is authorized to bear the title of Mus. Doc.; 3rd, that I have not left, and do not intend leaving my native land; 4th and last, that the appointments I hold are not likely to be vacant—so far as I am aware. Your faithful servant,

CHARLES GARLAND VERRINDER.

1, Finborough Road, South Kensington, January 12th, 1881.

TWO NEW OPERAS.

(Correspondence.)

The chief events lately at the Opéra-Comique have been the first performance of *L'Amour Médecin*, a three-act comic opera, book by M. Charles Monselet, music by M. Ferdinand Poise, and (on the same evening) the revival of Grétry's *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*. The book is founded on Molière's comedy of the same name, and is well adapted for the purposes of the composer, who has turned it to good account. In this last creation from his pen, M. Poise has realised all the expectations which the score of *La Surprise d'Amour* called into existence. To make his music harmonize more closely with the work it is intended to illustrate, he has clothed it in quaint old forms which might have been admired in the time of Molière himself, but which, quaint and old as they are, suffer from no lack of charm. M. Poise has been fortunate enough to find artists who do justice to his music. Mlle Thuillier is a seductive Lisette, and Eugène an incomparable Sganarelle. M. Nicot uses with much effect his agreeable if not very powerful voice in the part of Clitandre, and Mlle Molé, a recent importation from the Conservatory, confirmed as Lucinde the good opinion already entertained of her. MM. Grivot, Barnolt, Gourdon, and Masis, as the four doctors, supposed to be caricatures of certain practitioners celebrated in the time of Louis XIV., kept the house in a roar, especially in their great scene of the second act. Two ballets are introduced in the course of the opera. The one closing Act I. is danced by a number of young ladies clad as apothecaries' assistants, and the other, of a grave and stately character, terminating the piece, by the same young ladies arrayed in court costume. In the revival of Grétry's *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, the part of Richard was sustained by M. Furst. M. Carroul, a *débütant* from the Conservatory, produced a generally favourable impression.

"What is a *Mascotte*. Is it anything to eat?" Such was the question put to the writer of these Scraps, when the new three-act opera just brought out at the Bouffes-Parisiens was first advertised. No. A "*Mascotte*" is not anything to eat, but what it is how can anyone discover, considering that the Dictionary of the Académie contains no such word; that Napoléon Landais ignores it; that Bescherelle does the same; that Flemming and Tibbins are equally reticent; and that even the highly appreciated Spiers himself does not include it in his vocabulary. Fortunately for the curious in such matters M. Chivot and Duru, the authors of the book, soon enlighten us, and full faith may be reposed in their explanation, as "*Mascotte*" is a neologism for which they themselves are responsible. Bettina is a "*Mascotte*," that is to say: she is the very reverse of the mysterious being, a *jettatore*, so dreaded by Italians, intelligent and otherwise. The old lady of Banbury Cross was accompanied by music wherever she went; Bettina's constant companions are happiness and good fortune. Thanks to the fact of her being employed by Rocco to look after his turkeys, the worthy farmer is growing more prosperous every day. Laurent XVII, king of Piombo—for it is in that part of Italy that the action takes place—happens to be passing and highly appreciates Bettina's peculiar power. Having been extremely unfortunate, he thinks the best plan will be to install Bettina in his palace, and accordingly thither she repairs escorted by Rocco, who is created Lord Chamberlain to compensate him for the loss of her services on his farm. But Bettina has left behind her a lover, named Pippo, a determined young spark, so irresistible that he has even fascinated Fiammina, the king's daughter, who has, so to put it, contracted a morganatic marriage with him unknown to her august sire. Utterly indifferent to the feelings of the poor Princess, Pippo makes his way into the palace and runs off with Bettina. This results in the ruin of Laurent XVII. Beaten in several battles by a neighbouring sovereign, Prince Fritellini, he is dethroned by his people who rise in revolt, and force him to flee with his daughter, he being disguised as a *pifferaro* and she as a gipsy. It now appears that Fritellini's victories are due to the fact that Pippo, at present an officer of high rank, has fought on the Prince's side and brought with him Bettina, whose presence, there as elsewhere, is tantamount to success. At last, Pippo resolves to put the finishing touch to his felicity by marrying his adored one, whereupon he learns that, immediately she is disqualified to compete for the proud position of a *roisière*, she loses her peculiar power as a "*Mascotte*." This causes him to hesitate for a time, but love wins the day, and

Bettina becomes Mad. Pippo. Nor is this all. Prince Fritellini, struck by the charms of Fiammina, marries that fair princess and generously restores to Laurent XVII. all the territories the latter has lost by the chance of war. The libretto is smart and amusing, though some things in it, as the reader may perhaps have surmised from the above outline, are somewhat strong and would have to be modified in an English version.

The music of *La Mascotte* is by M. Edmond Audran, who has achieved even a greater success than he did with his previous work, the popular *Noces d'Olivette*. It is bright, flowing, melodious, and catching. The best numbers are the "Legend of the *Mascotte*," a duet: "Je sens, lorsque je t'aperçois," in the first act; the air: "Les courtisans passeront," in the second; the air: "Je touche au but" and the "Kiss Quartet" in the third. The part of the heroine of the "*Mascotte*" was entrusted to a *débütante*, Mlle Montbazon, who possesses an agreeable voice, a pleasing personal appearance, and considerable histrionic talent. M. Morlet, formerly of the Opéra-Comique, was, as Pippo, the right man in the right character. Mlle Dinelli, from the Gymnase, made her first appearance in operetta. She would have been better for a little more repose. M. Hittemanns and M. Lami, the latter a young light tenor, were the other "principals" in the cast. The piece is admirably got up and placed upon the stage. The chances are that M. Cantin, the intelligent manager, will find that the power attributed to "*La Mascotte*" on the stage will prove highly beneficial to his treasury.

QUINCAULT.

Paris, Jan. 12.

ARDITI.—At the conclusion of the last concert given by Colonel Mapleson at the Academy of Music, New York, Arditì was presented with a magnificent floral offering and an album containing the portraits of a number of the great orchestral leaders and players of to-day. The veteran leader—if the word may be used to one who still looks so young that it might be imagined that Time, which Arditì marks so well, does not claim his revenge and mark Arditì in return—bowed his thanks again and again amid loud and long applause.—*New York Times*.

ASTON LEIGH'S "STORY OF PHILOSOPHY."—"A pleasantly-written, and withal (for its moderate size) as instructive account of ancient Greek philosophy as has ever come in our way. The author says, with truth, that he 'has not compiled;' he has fixed in his own mind the contents of many books, and now gives his own impressions of his studies and their results in language fresh and unborrowed, and totally free from all technical verbiage. Nothing older than Thales (B. C. 640), of course, can be cited in the history in question; and after him no more than four names have survived, within the space of two centuries. The gradual dawn of inquiry on the high matters implied in philosophy is of the deepest interest; and around the story of Socrates, of Plato, and Aristotle, Mr Leigh has succeeded in throwing an amount of positive charm. The facts of their biographies he relates simply; he analyses their systems of philosophy, and gives summary sketches of the principal writings of the last two great men. A better popular introduction to the subject we could hardly name; all the more welcome as the prologue to a forthcoming work by the author on the 'Progress of Philosophy' since the commencement of our era."

—Bookseller.

"This is a brilliantly written book, and tells the 'story of philosophy' after a thoroughly picturesque and attractive fashion. We presume the author means to continue it in other volumes; for this one only takes us down to the brightest period of Greek philosophy. Commencing with Thales, the successors of that first thinker and father of philosophers are made to pass before us, more effort being expended upon the men themselves, and in trying to make clear before us their character, and probable appearance than in analyzing their lines of thought. Dealing in this way with Socrates, we have pages that are almost as captivating as the pages of a refined romance. The treatment is possible when we have as many details about the personality of the philosopher as we are able to get out of Plato and Xenophon in regard to Socrates. It is different with Pythagoras and the thinkers who are little better to us than names. But the great object of the writer is to evoke interest and excite sympathy, and he has succeeded in producing a book that will do both. Therefore, although it contains little that is new or instructive in regard to the philosophies, we accord to the book a hearty welcome for the pleasant and graceful way in which it makes us familiar with the philosophers of ancient Greece. We hope the author will perform a like office for modern philosophers by and by."

—*British Quarterly Review*.

OUR GOOD WISHES.

(From the "Malvern News.")

This is the last issue of the *Malvern News* for the year of grace, 1880; and in it we desire to present to our increasing advertisers, subscribers, and readers, the customary compliments—"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." We trust they may all have health to enjoy the abundance provided for them during this festive season: a season which is, emphatically, a fire-side one; when friends and relatives, far and near, are attracted to the household hearthstone, round which they meet to call up tales of long ago. For all our shortcomings we ask the forgiveness of our friends, promising them to try and atone in the future by doing better than we have done in the past. We have tried our best to make the *Malvern News* the leading paper in the town and district. Friends declare we have succeeded; and our opponents are forced to admit the fact. Everybody says our meaning is clear, our course straight, that we pander not to friends, nor dread our foes; that equal justice is meted out to the rich as well as to the poor. It is still the only paper entirely printed in the town, containing no regurgitated rubbish, as is to be found in the same form in possibly two hundred other papers published in as many towns; it is the first "all the year round" paper established in Malvern. And thereby hangs a tale, which, some day, we may unfold to our readers. Our motto still remains, "Measures—not men;" and during 1881 we hope to introduce to our readers some new blood, the tale in our next issue, as announced in another column, having been written by a gentleman at present residing in Paris. He has promised us others, and when we have read them, will let our readers know all about them. We hope to have the copy shortly of the "Five Sisters' Five Fixes—in five parts," a portion of the MS. we have seen. Neither have we forgotten "How I spent my Honeymoon;" but, as they are forwarded to us gratis, we cannot force people as to time. If we have leisure, it is our intention to look up the late Eliza F. Morris's "Hockertown Society," a great part of which is complete, and the remainder outlined. Her MS. of "Songs in the wilderness" is complete, and we hope to introduce some of them, if not the whole. Thus we shall strive to interest our readers, and keep the *Malvern News*, where it has been for years past, at the head of the local press. The *Malvern News* first, anything else second.

So, pray, good masters, one and all,
Be ready for the Christmas ball;
And, while you're feeding from your store,
Send out a trifle for the poor.

[With New Year's greetings to Josiah Morris of the *Link*. Let him speedily unfold that tale. It may have dire, or beneficial, consequences. Who but the "Lamp of the Link" can decide?—*Dr Blidge.*]

NEW YORK.—On account of the continued indisposition of Mdle Valleria, *Lucia* was given at the Academy of Music last night in the place of *Don Giovanni*, which had been previously announced, and the change was a great disappointment to Colonel Mapleson's patrons. The performance brought to a close, for the present, the season of Italian opera in New York. Considering the unfavourable state of the weather and the fact that it was Christmas eve, when many, busy preparing for Christmas day, prefer spending the evening in their own homes, the Academy was well filled, the number of times that *Lucia* has been given also taken into consideration. The cast was the same as before, excepting that Signor Campanini took the part of Edgardo for the first time this season, adding much to the artistic success of the performance. The artists were all in excellent voice. Mdme Gerster achieved a great success as *Lucia*. She sang the cavatina, "Ragnava nel silenzio," in the first act, charmingly, and was enthusiastically applauded from all parts of the house. Her "mad scene" was all that could be desired by the most critical audience. The florid passages accompanied by the flute at the close were exquisitely given. The clear and distinct manner in which the most difficult runs were executed and the delicacy of her staccato brought forth loud applause from the whole audience, and at the close she was twice called out and laden with floral tributes. Campanini was in splendid voice, his tones having that clear ring only heard when he is at his best. He sang with great force and elicited enthusiastic plaudits. Signor Galassi won and merited his accustomed successes in the part of Enrico. Signor Monti sang in excellent tune, which is not invariably the case with him. The choruses went unusually well, the orchestra, as on every occasion, being irreproachable. Arditi conducted with as much care and precision as if he had been leading the first performance of a new opera, and the season ended as it began, with a remarkable performance of the well worn though ever popular work.

Philactorium.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SHAVER THADDEUS SILVER EGG,—Have I wished you a merry New Year and a happy Christmas?—if not, accept my wishes for all these things upside down.

Reichardt has really been the right (hard) man in the reich (hard) place. The concert in time was a treat. I visited Private Theatre on Monday. He is in good health. The Princess (aged 14) forgot her business in Act II, and suddenly found herself on a large-patterned carpet, separating the pseudo-stage from an indigenous audience, saying to the Prompter, (who sat on the "Prompt side")—evidently a heavy uncle in spectacles:

"What have I to say next, please?"

"Now, come along, Eddie!" Whereat came an eddy, the theatre became water and the actors fish. Whereat Wolzogen of Bayreuth cried—"Holla!"—that's from Rheingold! Where's Cherubimold-harrywall? And so—to come to a fix—

Did you ever see half a calf's head with two eyes?

Awaiting a solution, I am neither Hercules nor Omphale, but yours, o'er and o'er (oar and oar), above water—*Sca-Serpent.**

Asylum—opposite Theatre—Bayreuth, Aug., 1876.

"WRONG NOTES."—If the production of operas in the absence of an English operatic theatre has been nearly abandoned by our composers, operettas by native masters are plentiful. An interesting specimen of this class has lately been brought out by Mr Isidor De Lara, vocalist, pianist, and composer. Mr De Lara cannot be congratulated on his choice of a libretto. But in *Wrong Notes* there are situations which he has turned to good account, and some songs which he has set to graceful and effective music. The principal air for the leading performer is charming; and among other successful numbers an ingeniously written trio attracted particular attention. The original notion on which *Wrong Notes*, or rather its chief character, has been based is humorous enough, and might be traced to a famous piece by St Evrémonde called *Les Opéras*. In St Evrémonde's work, written during his residence in London, and published but never played, there is, as in Mr De Lara's *Wrong Notes*, a heroine, Christine, who, in her passion for operatic modes of expression, delivers familiar utterances, not in the tone of ordinary conversation, but in measured recitative. She has abandoned speech for song. A maid enters to tell her that her father wishes to see her. "Why disturb me at my song?"—replies the young lady, singing all the time. The servant complains to the father that the young lady will not answer her in an intelligible manner, and does nothing but sing about the house. Christine, while protesting against the injustice of the attendant's complaint, proves its accuracy by addressing her parent in an air. Reproved by her father, she exclaims, still singing, that she would rather die than speak like the vulgar. "It is a new fashion at the court, and since the last opera no one speaks otherwise than in song. When one gentleman meets another it would be grossly impolite not to sing to him, 'Monsieur, comment vous portez-vous?'—'Je me porte à votre service.'—'Après dîner que ferons-nous?'—'Allons voir *La Belle Clarisse*.' The most extraordinary things are sung in this way; and in polite society people do not know what it means to speak otherwise than in music." Chrisard.—"Do people of quality sing when they are with ladies?" Christine.—"Sing! Sing! I should like to hear a man of the world entertain company with mere talk. He would be looked upon as one of the bygone period. The servants would laugh at him." Chrisard.—"And in the town?" Christine.—"All persons of importance imitate the court. It is only in the Rue St Denis, the Rue Honoré, and on the bridge of Notre Dame that the old custom is still kept up. There people buy and sell without singing. But at Gauthiers, at the Orangery, at the shops where ladies of the Court buy dresses, ornaments, and jewels, business is carried on in music, and if the dealers did not sing, their goods would be confiscated. People say that a severe edict has been issued to that effect. They appoint no provost of trade now unless he is a musician, and until Lulli has tested his capability of understanding and enforcing the rules of harmony."—*St James's Gazette.* (*Et les Précieuses Ridicules?*—*Dr Blidge.*)

* See article, "Serpent" in the Dictionary of Dannhittissimus.—*Dr Blidge.*

"CREDULOUS JOURNALIST."

TO CHERUBINO.

SIR.—*Apropos.* The Frankfort-on-Maine *Zeitung*, might, in Touchstoneian vein of "quip modest," courteously retort—"And the new Operahouse on the Thames Embankment?—for which, it was rumoured, Dr Arthur Sullivan, one night, lantern in fist, sought urgently, as Diogenes for an honest man."

COVENTRY FISH.

WAIFS.

Apolloni's *Ebreo* has been given at Trieste.

Aida has been enthusiastically received at New Orleans.

Bottesini is engaged on an opera, *La Caduta di un Angelo*.

Amina Boschetti, the well-known *danseuse*, died on the 2nd inst.

An Italian operatic company for Constantinople is being formed in Milan.

Aldighieri is engaged for the spring at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

A new paper, *La Correspondencia musical*, has appeared in Madrid.

A new literary and artistic journal, *Fra Diavolo*, has been started in Florence.

J. L. Duysen, pianoforte-maker, Berlin, has received the Nischen Jefitkar Order.

A new theatre, the Teatro de Madrid, has been opened in the Spanish capital.

A new musical paper, *La Gara Musicale*, has been published at Casalmoferrato.

The receipts on the first night of *Il Figliuol Prodigio* at the Scala, Milan, were 9,600 francs.

Anton Rubinstein's *Pemors* has been performed in Mannheim, under his own direction.

An opera, *Bella*, by Bolzoni, is expected in the spring at the Teatro Municipale, Placencia.

Florence has started another literary and art journal, under the questionable title of *Fra Diavolo*.

The tenor, Bulterini, (once of Her Majesty's Opera), is engaged for Verdi's *Don Carlos* at Placencia.

The Messiah was performed at the second concert of the Oratorio Society, New York, on the 29th ult.

Giacosa, the composer, has been promoted to the rank of Commander of the Order of the Italian Crown.

The visit of the King and Queen of Italy to the Politeama, Palermo, attracted an audience of no less than 5000 persons.

Jauner, formerly manager of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has purchased the Theater an der Wien for 500,000 florins.

The great Italian tragedian, Tommaso Salvini, intends, it is reported, giving another series of performances in London.

Luigi Ricci's new operetta, *Don Chisciotte*, will be performed this Carnival season by P. Franceschini's company at Venice.

Bottesini, the great master of the double bass (so well known in England), is composing an opera, *La Caduta di un Angelo*.

Emma Turolla is engaged for the spring at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, and will make her first appearance in *Semiramide*.

Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, with Maurel in the leading part, will, it is believed, be performed this season at the Scala, Milan.

The monthly periodical, *Der Organist*, edited by O. Wangemann, of Demmin, has ceased to appear after the first twelve numbers.

Madrid, besides a new theatre (Teatro de Madrid), has also given to the world an art periodical, entitled *La Correspondencia Musical*.

A performance of Hector Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*, under the direction of Sig. Giovannini, is announced by the Quartet Society, Milan.

Léo Delibes is expected in Vienna, about the middle of the month, to superintend the rehearsals of his *Jean de Nivelle* at the Imperial Operahouse.

The theatres at Brescia, Placencia, Modena, Parma, Como, Reggio, Verona, Arezzo, and Pavia, have closed this season after remaining open only one night.

It is now reported that Mr Gye will produce Rubinstein's opera, *The Demon*, during the ensuing season at the Royal Italian Opera. What has become of *Nero*?

Medea Mei is engaged for the part of the Queen in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* at the Teatro Regio, Turin, having played it previously at the Pergola, Florence.

On the 18th December, Weber's *Preciosa* was performed for the 100th time at the Theatre Royal, Cassel. It had never been "revived," having always remained a stock-piece.

Paloschi's *Almanacco Musicale* for the current year informs us that since the invention of this kind of work in 1600, the number of operas produced has been 40,000, of which 11,000 were Italian.

The report that Mdme Anna D'Angeri was about to be married to Herr Victor Salem, of Trieste, was afterwards contradicted by our facetious contemporary, the *Trovatore*, who first set it afloat, and now, in his latest number, contradicts his contradiction. (Just like him.—Dr Bludge.)

THE *Parisian* informs us that Mrs Osgood is about to make a tour next autumn, in the United States.

MILLE SCHNEIDER, before leaving her villa in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, just purchased by M. Elie Léon, member of the *coulisse* on the Paris Bourse, will have a public sale of all her works of art—bronzes, ornaments, jewels, &c.—*The Parisian*, Jan. 13.

MR F. H. COWEN's new symphony in C minor is to be performed on the 27th inst., at the Manchester Concerts, Free Trade Hall, under the direction of Mr Charles Hallé, and at the Crystal Palace Concerts, under that of Mr August Manns, on the 2nd of April. This is as it should be.

MDME VALLERIA, all amateurs of the opera will be pleased to know, is completely restored to health. What with her three Margarets (Gounod, Boito, and last, but not least, Berlioz), and other laborious work in hand, she has been put by Mr Mapleson, at New York, to a task almost above her strength.

ARAGO BOITO.—"Report" states that Arago Boito, author and composer of *Mefistofele*, is writing a new libretto for Verdi's almost forgotten opera, *Simone Boccanegra*, that he is also engaged upon a biography of the renowned Bussetese musician, that he spends his leisure hours upon an oratorio, a symphony, and a quartet (instruments not stated), and in fact that he is busily occupied in several other undertakings. If half of all this be true, it must be admitted that Signor Boito is a man out of the common pale.

At the next performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in St James's Hall, the programme will include Handel's Coronation Anthem, "The King shall rejoice," Cherubini's superb "Requiem Mass" in C minor, and Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*, (which should have been placed first, instead of last). "The King shall rejoice" would wind up the whole with far better effect—and this without detriment to the magnificent music to Racine's sacred drama by the greatest musician since Beethoven.

OBITUARY FOR 1880.—The year 1880 robbed the musical world in Paris of three noted representatives:—M. Henri Reber, symphonist and operatic composer; Edward Wolf (half German and half Frenchman), pianist and prolific writer for the instrument in the art of playing upon which he was so skilled a proficient; and Jacques Offenbach, of European repute, to say more about whom than has already been said would be superfluous. In England we have to regret Sir John Goss, precursor of Dr Stainer, as organist of St Paul's Cathedral, and one of our foremost composers of church music; Mr James Coward, for many years respected organist of the Crystal Palace; the Rev. John Curwen, chief promoter, if not absolute inventor, of the "Tonic-Sol-Fa" system; Anna Caroline de Belleville Oury, a distinguished pianist in her day (wife of the violinist, Mr Oury); Fanny Huddart (Mrs J. Russell), a singer whom all have known and admired; Mr Charles Coote, formerly pianist to the late Duke of Devonshire—eminent, too, as a composer and conductor of dance music; Mr James Pearman, organist and conductor of the Dundee Choral Society; Mr Joseph Rummell, pianist and composer of ability, for many years resident in this country; Mr Robert Farquharson Smith, once a singer of considerable repute; Mr W. H. Bellamy, many years ago a popular writer of ballads; and Charles Samuel Barker, whose name will go down to posterity as inventor of the "pneumatic" contrivance so invaluable to organists. With other deaths to be recorded are those of Henri Wieniawski, a violinist in certain respects unsurpassed by any contemporary; Carl August Krebs, Kapellmeister, at Dresden, husband of Aloysia Michalesi, Court singer, and father of Marie Krebs, the young and justly-famous pianist; M. Jean Rémusat, an admirable player in his day, who at one time was leading flautist at the Grand Opéra, in Paris, at another similarly engaged in our own Royal Italian Opera, subsequently at the Théâtre Lyrique, when under the management of M. Carvalho (now director of the Paris Opéra Comique), and, finally, head of a sort of musical confederation at Shanghai (China), where he

died at the age of sixty-five; and Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist and social economist, once absurdly styled "successor to Paganini," for a lengthened period resident in the United States of America, where he entertained the Utopian idea of founding a Norwegian Colony, returning to Europe to die in his native city, Bergen, near which he possessed an island exclusively his own property. Other musicians of more or less note, in Italy, Spain, Germany, and elsewhere, have died within the last twelve months; but we have only space left to speak of one of them—Carl Eekert, a composer of rare ability, who at different periods occupied the post of conductor at the Viennese Imperial Opera, the Royal Opera at Berlin, and the Opéra Italien in Paris.

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